

so frightened, I cannot say. I can only assume they were the wrong colour to be recognised as the same species.

CHEMBRA PEAK ESTATE,
CHEMBRA P.O.,
VIA MEPPAD, MALABAR,
27th March, 1951.

JOYCE C. WINTERBOTHAM

3. REARING A BABY CEYLON GREY FLYING SQUIRREL (*PETAURISTA PHILIPPENSIS LANKA*)

(With a photo)

March 5th (1951) saw the arrival of a new and somewhat strange baby—a very young and helpless Grey Flying Squirrel of the local race *lanka*.

It was brought in while I was in my office, by a villager from below the estate (Galapitakande) who said that he had found it in a hole in a branch when he was cutting down a dead tree for firewood. He did not see the mother-squirrel so, presumably, she must have escaped, unseen, as soon as the cutting down started.

The baby flying squirrel was very young—probably little more than a week old—but I had no means of ascertaining his exact age. He just fitted nicely into the palm of the hand, as a warm, furry, greyish ball.

My wife took to him at once; he was so pathetically helpless, yet so attractive with his large dark eyes, and his long, black, furry tail wrapped round his little soft body. Preparations to feed and rear him were immediately made—although he looked a little young for hand rearing. A tin of Klim, another of glucose and a little calcium were produced, together with a glass tube-bottle, for use as a feeding bottle, with a piece of felt wrapped round it to form a feeding-funnel and mouth-piece. Felt appears to suit most young animals better than rubber as they can get hold of it and suck it more easily. Every two hours, throughout the day, from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. was the routine to start with, but after a week or so longer intervals and larger feeds were given so that within ten days of his arrival he was having two teaspoons of Klim, two of glucose and a pinch of calcium at each feed, well mixed with hot water and allowed to cool off. To this was added, after the first week, a little mashed plantain, after it had been put through a sieve. When not feeding, he slept very soundly, loosely wrapped in an old, knitted, woollen shawl, in a small box-cage where he was as warm and as snug as he would have been with his own mother.

Right from the day he was brought to us he thrived on this diet, so that after three weeks or so he had more than doubled his size and was able to sit up, in a proper squirrel like attitude and grasp his feeding tube in both his little, hand-like forepaws.

Now, just two months after his arrival, he is a fine animal with a long, silky, grey coat, just the colour of Silver-fox fur, a long, bushy

black tail and black limbs with little naked knuckles to his long slender forepaws. He is perfectly tame and lops along to meet his mistress, when he is out playing in the evening. No longer does he have to be hand fed; he feeds himself, selecting his food from a very mixed diet consisting of tomatoes, sweet-potatoes (yams), nuts, raisins and plantains, washed down with his usual Klim or other milk-powder, glucose and calcium from a bowl. Cow's milk he does not have as,



Young ♂ Ceylon Grey Flying Squirrel (*Petaurista philippensis lanka*)
being fed with milk solution

curiously enough, cow's milk does not agree with the majority of small wild animals.

Until the evening, he likes to lie sleeping in his covered-box, but as dusk falls he becomes active, if not lively, and hops around in his rather ungainly manner or climbs up anything handy—preferably cloths to a convenient shoulder. He is very gentle and confiding, but if alarmed he will grunt at the intruder in a curious Bandicoot-like manner and attempt to frighten him away. I have heard no other sound from him.

Flying squirrels of this species are to be met with in the well-wooded foothills of this neighbourhood. They are certainly not common, but being purely nocturnal they are probably more numerous than they appear. Although they are, perhaps, more plentiful in the lower foothills, they have been encountered even on the Horton Plains, at altitudes of over 7,000 feet.

TONACOMBE,
NAMUNUKULA,
7th May, 1951.

W. W. A. PHILLIPS